

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1897.

WEATHER.—Clearing, cooler; northwest winds.

THE DEMOCRATIC METROPOLIS OF AMERICA.

New York is once more a Democratic city—the first Democratic city in America—the impregnable stronghold of Democracy in the Union. The prophecy of a Republican member of the Legislature that in the creation of Greater New York the Republican party would be committing suicide has been fulfilled.

There was nothing unexpected in yesterday's political upheaval. It was known in advance to every man with the slightest pretensions to skill in political weather reading that things would turn out as they did. And yet the Journal was the only newspaper that gave the people yesterday morning this news, of such vital importance to the community. The other papers knew the truth as well as the Journal did, but they chose for political effect to suppress it. They abdicated their position as newspapers to become partisan organs.

As in the national campaign of last year, the Journal has stood alone for Democratic principles, and as then it stood steadfastly with the Democracy in defeat, it rejoices with it now in victory.

The people have voted for Democracy, but not for Crokerism. They have voted against sham reform, but not against true reform. They are as anxious for good government, with all that implies, as the most superior member of the Citizens' Union. They want clean streets, and the honest expenditure of public money, and they expect to get these things from the Democracy. The Democratic organization is on probation, and it will be held to a rigid accountability for the manner in which it fulfils its trust.

In an interview in this morning's Journal Mayor-elect Van Wyck talks as freely as he has talked throughout the campaign. Now that the votes have been irrevocably cast, he renews the pledges on which he was elected. "As we begin this first year of Greater New York," he says, "there is much to do."

Liberty must be restored to the citizen, the protection of his rights must be resumed, the pillage of public money must cease, extravagance must be discontinued. Waste must stop, schools must be built, the streets must be reclaimed from chaos, taxes brought to proper level. Private interest has too long governed this city; it must give way to public good.

The efforts of trusts, of monopolies, of combinations, whether corporate or private, to control trade, choke competition and fleece the citizens by false high prices, will be withstood and beaten down.

Every child must have the right to go to school. Nor shall the school system cease of enlargement until every possible pupil can find fullest accommodation.

To such rights and general benefits as dollar gas I have, in my letter of acceptance, as well as in the platform, been pledged from the first. Those pledges are not to be forgotten; those promises are to be carried out.

As to such public outrages as flourished under the Raines law, with all the spying and sneaking and mendacity that under it grew up, I cannot add a syllable to what I have already said. These crimes against the people must disappear; these encroachments upon individual liberty and private rights must end.

What I said of labor and the eight-hour law I here repeat. The eight-hour law should be enforced, and, where practicable, resident labor should be directly employed. In all cases the prevailing rate of wages should be paid.

These promises, if faithfully carried out, as we feel confident they will be, insure the metropolis a government in which the public interests and the rights of the individual will be equally guarded. We shall have reform in the true sense, and at the same time the citizen will not be harassed by vexatious attempts to submit his personal habits to meddlesome regulation. The Journal pledges itself to work as earnestly for the maintenance of the highest possible standard of administration, and for the extirpation of bossism and jobbery, as it has worked for the success of Democratic principles at the polls.

This election has conclusively settled the political complexion of Greater New York. It is no hasty verdict. The issues have been thoroughly considered, the discussion has been exhaustive, and the judgment is final. The Greater New York is not only Democratic, but so solidly Democratic as to make it certain that in ordinary circumstances the State will go the same way.

Moreover, by this impressive vote the people of the metropolis have served notice upon all whom it may concern that they are competent to manage their own affairs. Any party that tries henceforth to rule them as a subject province from the outside will court its own death.

OHIO CONDEMNS M'KINLEYISM.

The supreme political event of yesterday was the repudiation of Hanna and McKinleyism by the people of Ohio. Last year—only twelve short months ago—the Republicans carried the State by a plurality of 47,497. The change wrought in the sentiment of the Ohio people since then is little short of marvellous. Hanna stands for the ugliest idea that has ever reared its head in American politics—the money test for all things. Ohio has recognized him for what he is. The Republican managers and the National Administration cannot escape from the condemnation implied in this vote. They based the campaign boldly on national issues.

IS THE SALE ILLEGAL?

There is a report from London that the Coates syndicate, which desired a chance to bid on the Union Pacific sale, is advised that the sale of a part of the system at a time is illegal. The counsel of the London concern is not alone in this opinion.

Competent lawyers in this country who have given the matter careful study have always maintained that the Government's security attaches to the system as a whole, and is impaired by such a division as the Administration has undertaken to make.

That the division and separate sale of the main line alone does impair the security is unquestionable. It may even render worthless the lien which attaches to only a part of a branch line which is subsequent to a first mortgage. It is very likely to be so in the present case.

There is no question that it was the duty of the Government to take the course which was most likely to result in the liquidation of the entire debt secured upon the Union Pacific system, and that could only be done by dealing with the system as a whole which afforded security for the debt.

There is no reason to doubt that if the purchaser had been compelled to take the whole or none, and there had been a fair opportunity for competition, a bid would have been forthcoming which would have met the full obligation to the Government.

The failure to take this course was either a blunder or a crime, and it is a serious question whether it does not invalidate the sale of the Union Pacific line. That question should be tested in the courts, and the claim of the people of this country to have the subsidy paid in full should be vindicated, if possible.

CANADA'S PETTY POLICY.

The agreement with Russia and Japan for a suspension of pelagic sealing will be of little use without the adhesion of Great Britain. The only thing that has ever stood in the way of a reasonable agreement with Great Britain is the petty jealousy and narrow selfish policy of Canada.

Canada always objects because a few of her citizens make profit by indiscriminate slaughter of the seals, and she has small stake in the preservation of the seal industry after the raw skins are disposed of. It is a short-sighted policy even from the Canadian point of view, but narrow spite toward the United States blinds the people and the Government.

It is this that has caused all the trouble over the fisheries and the difficulty of reaching any settle-

ment. Brummagem conservation to their welfare. They have taken their welfare into their own keeping, and passed their final verdict upon the kind of reform which superior beings have been forcing upon them.

A DISCOURAGED PATRIOT.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who arrived the other day from Southampton on the St. Louis, with the intention of spending the Winter on his yacht in the waters of Florida and returning to England in the Spring, thus unbosomed himself to a reporter:

I am disgusted with American politics and the corruption here. Things are liable to burst at any time and a panic result. No, I do not mean exactly that, but affairs in the United States are very unsettled. Foreign stockholders do not care to invest money in this country, even if they are assured of a 20 per cent dividend. They will invest anywhere—in New Zealand, British Columbia, anywhere but here, and that they won't do until the money question is settled.

Mr. Lorillard doubtless considers himself a good citizen, but has it ever occurred to him to ask himself what he has done to check the corruption he deplores? Corruption in our time manifests itself chiefly in the payment of money by corporations to bosses and office-holders for protection or for unjust favors. Mr. Lorillard is a large stockholder in a number of corporations, and doubtless a director in several of them. Has he protested against the corrupt use of their funds in politics? Has he voted to retire the managers who have resorted to such practices? There are two parties to a corrupt transaction of this kind—on the one side, public officials representing universal suffrage; on the other, corporate officials representing aggregated wealth. Mr. Lorillard objects to the workings of universal suffrage, but what about the other side, in which he and his associates are supreme?

FRESH FIELDS FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.

The recent success of a drama constructed on rather novel lines and dealing exclusively with the dwellers in San Francisco's Chinatown seems to point to a vast amount of literary and dramatic material that lies at our very gates and has not yet been used by our native playwrights and story-tellers.

"The First Born" deals with the love of a father for his son, the strongest affection known to the Chinese heart, and in this and many other respects it bids defiance to many of the most sacred canons of dramatic construction. It presents, moreover, a picturesque and interesting view of life among the Chinese inhabitants of America—a class who have never before been seriously considered in any form of American literature. That the author has succeeded in constructing a play that is powerful enough to hold the attention of an audience from beginning to end leads one to inquire whether there are not opportunities in limitless numbers to be found among the various foreign colonies of New York. Both the Chinese and the Polish Jews have playhouses of their own, and in the Hebrew theatres may often be seen farces and dramas dealing with life in our own Jewish colony. The Hungarians, Bohemians and Italians keep up in New York many of the quaint and interesting customs that they have brought with them from over the water—in short, there is not a foreign colony in the town that would not yield a great deal to the writer who took the pains to investigate it understandingly.

It is believed by many sage observers that playgoers have long since wearied of the forged will, the millionaire's daughter who desires to wed a mechanic, the mortgage which is about to be foreclosed, the villain who meets the maiden at midnight by the old ruined chapel on the lake, and all the other time-honored props of the drama. The success of "The First Born" should inspire some of our dramatists to go downtown among our strange peoples in search of their material. We will venture to say that they will find there certain human phases that have never been seen on our stage. In any event, such a visit will result in something better than a tank drama or a grand revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The political adventurers and featherheads, who have been directing the attempt to split the Democratic vote are now in a position to know something about the real sentiment of the people of the Greater New York.

Coroner Hoerber will now have an opportunity to pass on the remains of a number of reform booms, and as the Coroner was left off the ticket this time he will doubtless take much pleasure in the work.

Those Jersey highwaymen who tackled a vigorous half back will be sure to join the ranks of those who deprecate the brutality of football.

Senator Wolcott's failure abroad is not a circumstance to the task he will have when he attempts to explain it to his Colorado constituents.

Hon. Jacob Worth can now throw open the doors of his hot storage vault and proceed to express his accumulated opinions of Tom Platt.

Hon. Patrick Jerome Gleason realizes this morning that there are times when a parachute is much more useful than a battle axe.

The Tracy, Boardman & Platt combination is somewhat short on firmness since the count of the ballots.

There is nothing quite so hard to corner as the political morality of an intelligent community.

It looks as if General Blanco is to have an early experience with filibustering expeditions.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Journal and the News.
To the Editor of the Journal:
James Creelman's terse summation of the campaign in this morning's Journal was the only indication the people of New York and Brooklyn had that Judge Van Wyck was to be the next Mayor. The Journal seems to be the only newspaper in New York that gives its readers the news. Not another paper in this great city had a line on the most important political announcement since the Presidential campaign. If you don't get the Journal you don't get the news.
ALBERT G. ANSTEY.

The Next Step.
To the Editor of the Journal:
Now that the Democratic party has achieved such a magnificent victory, with the Journal's assistance, every decent Democrat expects to see the organization justify itself in the eyes of its supporters by driving Croker back to the English race tracks.

The Leadership in the News Field.
New York, Nov. 2.
The Journal has demonstrated its absolute leadership in the field of news. It is the only paper in New York true to the Democracy—the party of the people. It is the only newspaper that has refrained from slander in this campaign. When I want to know what is going on I always get the Journal.
J. L.

Herr Boldt's Social Triumph.

POTTER PALMER isn't the only pebble on the social beach that has been plucked from the pots and pans of the hotel trade. Mein Lieber Herr Boldt, connection (business) of the Astors, is right in it. The formal and gorgeous opening of the Astoria Hotel Monday night demonstrated that fact beyond the possibility of a doubt. The day is not far distant when George Cuisine Boldt will be as far beyond Potter Palmer as a social factor as the Waldorf-Astoria exceeds the Palmer House as a hostelry, or as New York surpasses Chicago in all things.

The supremacy of Boldt as an inn keeper was conceded long ago, and there were those in the Four Hundred that lent an attentive ear to his claims to social recognition.

The hotel as a stepping-stone to the salon (not salon) has always been recognized in America.

The name of Astor still adorns that sterling and popular inn at Broadway and Vesey streets, and the wealth that made "Auntie" Paron Stevens a social leader was made in the same line of business.

Thus it was that Newport opened its doors with celebrity, if not enthusiasm, to the Potter Palmers, and that it views with expectancy, if not equanimity, the steadily accumulating importance of the George Cuisine Boldts.

Hereafter the Thousand Islands will be too far away and too plebeian for these connections (business) of the Astors. It will be Newport or nothing.

But aside from the social prophecy that it has engendered, the opening of the Astoria Hotel was a brilliant success.

There was never such another hotel opening in this or any other country.

Never before were so many important and representative people gathered together for such a purpose.

Of course it was a mixed crowd. There was no possibility of its being anything else. But when you had sifted the multitude through the social sieve, there still remained enough of the elect to have made any function notable.

Mrs. Astor came early. In her dual capacity as patroness of the entertainment and part proprietress of the property this was necessary. There was to be no question of the tone of the doings.

With the only queen that the Four Hundred has ever acknowledged in evidence, all doubting Thomases became at once silent.

With Mrs. Astor were her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Astor was beaming, but the Colonel was sad-eyed, and Mrs. Jack looked as though something had gone wrong.

They stayed through the Seld concert, which was quite the proper thing to do, although some people seemed to prefer the brass band on the fifteenth floor.

I can't recall all the people that I saw there, but one of the strongest impressions made on my memory was due to the appearance of Mrs. John A. Lowery and her fiancé, Mr. Speyer.

Mrs. Lowery never looked better. She wore a simple gown of black velvet sufficiently decollete to display her beautiful neck to the best advantage. Mrs. Lowery has one of the finest necks in the opera set.

Mr. Speyer seemed to be conscious of this fact, and the atmosphere of pride in which he constantly moved was vastly becoming to his prospective bridegroom.

Miss Virginia Fair was there, too, with Jimmie Gerard, Jr., in devoted attendance. Indeed Jimmie's devotion was so evident that certain other admirers of Miss Fair rather resented it.

Jimmie didn't mind that, however, as long as the lady didn't resent it. The Di Zeregas were out in force with Mrs. John A. di Zerega, the poetess, as the chaperon, and there were dozens of others.

But what is the use of going through the list? Everybody had all that he or she could possibly eat or drink or gossip about, and that is surely the ne plus ultra of our existence.

Of the swim of the town there was a powerful representation, headed by that Apollo of pigeon shooters, Edgar Gibbs (don't forget the Gibbs) Murphy.

Close by the wake of Mr. Murphy were Evander Berry Wall in a new dowered waistcoat; J. Stevens Ullman (one "I" like Van Allen), flushed with a modesty that approximated timidity, and James Jay Coogan, inexpressibly proud of his aureole, his jay ancestry, his political record and his acquaintance with the Prince of Wales.

There were others of the swim, but as I have dismissed the Four Hundred with reference to Mrs. Astor, so I will ask permission to drop the swim with this brief and inadequate allusion to Mr. Murphy.

The opening of the Astoria quite eclipses all other hotel openings, and with this need of praise we will drop it and turn to something less redolent of the restaurant.

Miss Katherine Duer, who is justly famous for her beauty and her wit, is now the guest of Mrs. Arthur Kemp, at Newport.

When Mrs. Kemp was "Baby Belle" Nelson she and Kitty Duer were great friends, a fact that the former emphasized last night by giving a dinner in honor of the latter.

Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt is noted for her charity. She has just announced that she will follow her yearly custom and give a turkey dinner to the Newport newboys on Thanksgiving Day.

Newport is a favorite voting place for social luminaries.

Among the millionaires to exercise their suffrage there yesterday were George Peabody Wetmore, Henry Taylor and Robert Goeliet. It was the first time that Mr. Goeliet ever voted in Newport.

Commodore Gerry and Oliver Belmont are also residents of Newport, but it isn't always worth while to vote, don't you know.

And that reminds me that a descendant of the Dutch immigrants of 1650 has just been elected Mayor of New York. Here's to you, Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck!

It isn't often that I have an opportunity to this salute one of my own blood. As a general thing we are more potential in society than in politics.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.
A CITIZEN.

Why They Stay Home.
[Aitchison Globe.]
A good many people never get to go abroad because they find they have to be operated upon by the time they have earned money enough. An operation costs as much as a trip to Europe, and for the price of three operations an experienced traveler can go around the world.

Henry George's Generosity.

NOTHING that I have heard among the many stories told of the late Henry George, better illustrates the earnestness of his convictions and the ripened charity of his nature than a story that is told somewhat fully in the equity report of the State of New Jersey. It seems that something over ten years ago, a man named George Hutchins, who resided in Camden County, died, leaving a widow and a son, Mary Hutchins and James Hutchins. George Hutchins died, and by his will made provision for his widow and another disposition of a small amount of his property. Then came this clause in his will:

"Lastly, all the rest and residue of my estate, of any and every form, kind and description whatsoever, I hereby give, devise and bequeath, under the name of the Hutchins Fund, to Henry George, the well-known author of 'Progress and Poverty,' his heirs, executors and administrators, in sacred trust, for the express purpose of spreading the light on social and political liberty and justice in these United States of America, by means of the gratuitous, wise, efficient and economically conducted distribution all over the land of said George's publications on the all important land question and cognate subjects, including his 'Progress and Poverty,' his replies to the criticisms thereon; his 'Problems of the Times,' and any other of his books and pamphlets which he may think it wise and proper to gratuitously distribute in this country."

This fund, it was estimated by the appraisers of Mr. Hutchins's estate, amounted to something over \$20,000. Before the distribution of the estate was made, the widow and her son contested, through the executor, this clause. They alleged that it was not a charitable bequest, and the matter was tried before Vice-Chancellor Bird, at the February term, 1888, in the Court of Chancery. The Court examined the widow and her son in their contest, and its opinion said: "A bequest for the distribution of books in which the author describes the system by which the land owners of the country hold the title to their lands as robbery is not such a charity as the courts will enforce."

Mr. George, it appears, was not satisfied with this decision. He believed with all the earnestness of his strong nature in the doctrines which he enunciated, and he therefore took the matter to the Court of Errors and Appeals, where it was argued in June, 1889. The Court unanimously reversed the decree of Vice-Chancellor Bird, in the following syllabus: "A bequest or devise to educate the public in any branch of science by the dissemination of the works of a given author is a good, charitable use, provided such works contain nothing hostile to morality, religion or law, and that such a testamentary disposition, for the purpose of circulating the works of Henry George on the land question, was a valid, charitable use. The doctrines taught by Mr. George are not antagonistic to the law."

This opinion was written by Chief Justice Beasley. The question had been fought by Mr. George with all his strength. He had hired five of the ablest lawyers of the State, whose fees amounted to over \$7,000. He had triumphed in his principles, and he was content. As to the decree of the court of last resort, it was final, the executor of the Hutchins estate promptly forwarded to Mr. George a check for the \$20,000 or more to which he was entitled under the will. This check Mr. George indorsed and cashed, and then expressed the bank notes directly to Mary Hutchins, the widow. In a brief note to her, which the lady still treasures, he said:

"I fought this matter in the courts merely because I believe in the principles which I advocate, and I could not stand quietly by while a judicial officer designated my doctrines as antagonistic to law. I never had the slightest intention of depriving you of the money which your late husband so generously willed to me for the purpose of spreading the truths which we both knew to be truths."

And having won the battle for which he fought so earnestly, he went into his own pocket and paid from its meagre resources the \$7,000 which it had cost him in lawyers' fees to vindicate what he believed to be the right.
WILLIAM RAYMOND SILL.

THE NEWS FROM PRINCETON.
Weep, Gilder, weep! Let gushing tears of joy
From fountains of feeling flow
Adown thy sad and scuffed, upturned face,
Whereon some gleam of new and sudden grace
Has set its gleam.
Weep, Gilder, weep! But, meanwhile, let thy
harp
Long turned to moan, make mirth.
Touch lightly, that its true and quivering strings
May tell the joy this wondrous birthday brings
To all the earth!
And Godkin, too! Relax that fearful frown
And try, for once, to smile.
Yet smile not in that grim and scornful sort
Wherewith erstwhile thou didst thy mug distort
In grimace vile.
Yes, Godkin, smile! as though you meant it now!
What though you break your rule?
Perhaps—who knows!—you might not wholly fail,
If folk should know you're human, after all.
And not a ghoul.
Shout, mugsquaps, shout! The solemn chant no
more,
Nor mumbled prayer, nor yet
The incense burned in censers slowly swung.
Your shrine to-day with gala wreaths is hung.
Be happy, mugsquaps, shout! Let all your loyal
hearts
Forget their grief in joy!
Though time should prove your god a mortal, still
No emptied shrine your reverence can kill—
It is a boy!
—Detroit News.

ON THE BRIDGE.
He stood on the bridge at midnight,
While a clock in a distant tower
Let go, with all its brazen might,
And began to chime the hour.
He stood and clung to the railing,
And watched the boats go past;
But he cared not where they were sailing
Nor thought of wheel or mast.
He merely stood there, straying
Like a reed in the autumn wind,
And a weight of woe was weighing
Upon his foggy mind.
The moon rose over the city
Like a flame in the gilded dome,
But it didn't scare him a bit—he
Was full and afraid to go home!
—Cleveland Leader.

Wedded an Audience.
[Washington Post.]
It is intimated that Sir Edwin Arnold married a Japanese woman in order that he might have some one to listen to his Japanese poems. Sir Edwin is not the first man to marry an audience in order to get a hearing.

Difficult to Understand.
[Washington Post.]
New York's objection to outside campaign orators is difficult to understand in view of the fact that Mayor Strong drew so heavily on the outside for his office holders.

Missing.
[Detroit News.]
Over-confidence is one thing that doesn't seem to have got tangled with the New York campaign.

As Told Over The Teacups.

"YOU must be absolutely exhausted!" cried the girl with the early Victorian collar, as she sank into a chair. "I thought those people would never, never rot!"

"And so did I!" groaned the bride. "Really, while I was eating the last relay to stay longer, I wondered what I should do if they accepted the invitation."

"And no wonder! Dear me, it must be awfully trying to marry a man in another town and then have him bring you home for his family to vivisect. Weren't you awfully frightened?"

"H'm! Not so much as I should have been if my father had left me less money." "True. Every one pities an orphan."

"M'h'm. Especially a wealthy one. Do tell me all about the people I have met to-day! You are the only person here I ever knew before I married James, and as you were the person who introduced us, I naturally have great faith in your knowledge of human nature. You told me that he was sure to love me, you remember?"

"Did I? I remember that I told him your prospects were no less golden than your hair—that was the day he told me that you were made for each other. It was the very day that you had given me your marriage ring, and when he presented me with the turquoise scarfpin I happened to admire, I said I felt so, too!"

"How clever of you! Ah, I shall never forget how interested you were in hearing everything he said to me—most girls are so selfish that they want to talk about their own affairs at least half the time!"

"I am sure I was interested. When I was not listening to you talking about James I was chiefly listening to him talk of you! You remember Dick and I did not speak just then—of course, I told you that the silly fellow thought James and I were flirting desperately. He told me that when we made up, just before your engagement was announced."

"So; you didn't tell me," said the bride, smiling. "It was too silly to repeat."

"H'm. I suppose that was why I didn't tell you. But you were speaking of the women who came to the reception. Who shall I tell you about first?"

"That tall, rather nice-looking girl whom I heard saying, 'How perfectly lovely!' when she first saw me. She seemed such a clever, sensible person."

"Indeed," said the girl with the early Victorian collar, dryly: "I am afraid I shall need a clearer description of her before I'll—"

"You must have noticed her. She wore a heliotrope gown and kept as close to me as she could."

"Oh—! You must mean Kathleen. So you liked her best of all? How very, very odd!"

"Well, perhaps it is. She is not at all pretty."

"You think so? Most people call her a beauty."

"Oh! She has money, then?" "Not a penny, dear. That is why—I mean, you don't consider her pretty, then? Dear me, Dick is surely very late! It only wants half an hour of the time which I told him was the very earliest moment he could come for me. I hope he is not beginning to neglect me already."

"Nonsense. You haven't told me yet who that girl is. I didn't catch her name when she was introduced, and people seemed so surprised that I took so much notice of her, so I suppose she is not popular. She seemed finally to become sort of embarrassed and slipped away. I was sorry when she went, for she seemed so interested in my conversation."

"Indeed, and what were you talking about? If Dick is not here in five minutes I shall not wait, so there!"

"Let me see. Oh, I remember—I was telling her what a perfectly original courtship James and I had and how he had never cared for any girl until he met me!"

"Yes. And what did she say?" "She said how pleasant it must be to marry one's first love. She is such a nice girl—I shall tell James I mean to be quite intimate with her. Who did you say she was?"

"I said—Oh, look, there comes Dick almost running! Come away from the window, quick! Who is Kathleen? Why, she—she's the girl who used to be engaged to James. Aren't they keeping Dick a long time at the door?"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

WITHERED ROMANCE.

"Leander Higginmore, I hate you!" Cassimere McGinnis would have hissed these words if there had been a letter in any of them.

Pale with indignation she leaned with folded arms against a shellbark hickory tree and flashed vindictive lightnings at him from her stormy eyes.

"I never dreamed it would come to this!" weakly protested the young man, looking wearily in every direction, as if seeking some way of escape.

"You have deceived me, sir!"

"Yes, but I didn't mean to."

"I believe you!" bitterly retorted the girl. "You haven't originally enough to devise an indignity so malevolent, so elaborate and so thorough!"

He scratched his head feebly. "If you had been a monster of wickedness, a genius in the planning and execution of a deep-laid scheme of villainy, and had the motive of revenge to incite you to action, you might possibly have originated and carried out a scheme of vengeance as complete as this, but you are not capable of it. If you were, I might still admire the ingenuity of the plot while abating nothing of my detestation for the plotter. As it is, I simply abhor you!"

It was the golden October season. The air pulsed with the soft sighs of the departing Summer, a dreamy haze enveloped the landscape, and the very breath of romance seemed to stir the rich-hued foliage of the trees through which the country road they traversed wound in devious ways.

What crime had the unfortunate youth committed?

He had rented a \$20 tandem at a repair shop and taken Miss McGinnis out for a day's ride.

The machine had broken down. A pedal pin had snapped short off; one of the saddles had collapsed, and there was a compound puncture in the rear tire.

They were fifteen miles from a repair kit, half a day's walk from home, and the nearest railway station was the one they had passed through two or three hours before.

And in compliance with the suggestion of the wretched young Higginmore, Miss McGinnis was weeping—

Her